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EWING
MUSABEKOV
BLEE
AVENGERS · X-MEN · ETERNALS
JUDGMENT DAY
X-MEN RED

MARVEL REMEMBERS

ART BY PHIL NOTO

Mike Pasciullo | 1972 - 2022

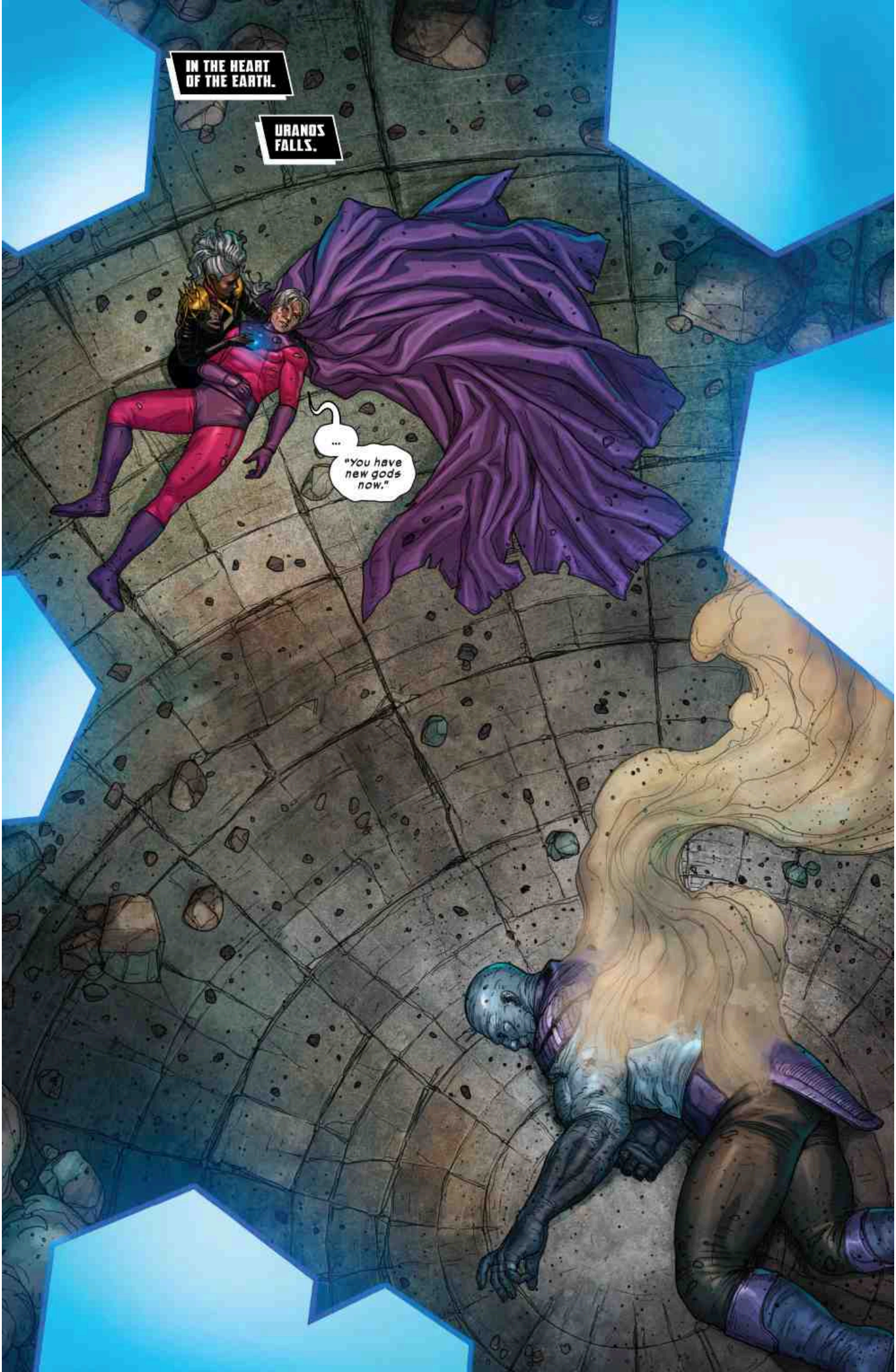
With heavy hearts, Marvel remembers our dear friend and colleague Mike Pasciullo, who passed away earlier this year.

Growing up, Mike found a passion for collectibles and trading cards. After diving into comics and becoming a Marvel expert, he went on to work for Fleer, where he became an important collaborator on art development and creative direction for Marvel's trading card sets, including now-classic sets like DC vs. Marvel, Amalgam, and many more.

Through his 25-plus years at Marvel, Mike went on to lead the company's marketing strategy across publishing, films, television, and more. His work included landmark campaigns for seminal Marvel comic book moments like *Secret Invasion*, Marvel NOW!, *Civil War*, and many others, and key contributions in establishing the vision behind Marvel Studios' early promotional strategy, engaging fans with unforgettable live events and promotions at conventions and beyond. After marketing multiple MCU films, he brought that fan experience to Marvel Television's projects, including *Marvel's Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, *Marvel's Daredevil*, *Marvel's Luke Cage*, *Marvel's The Punisher*, *Marvel's Iron Fist*, *Marvel's Jessica Jones*, and *Marvel's The Defenders*, and Marvel's animation projects for Spider-Man, Guardians of the Galaxy, Avengers, and more.

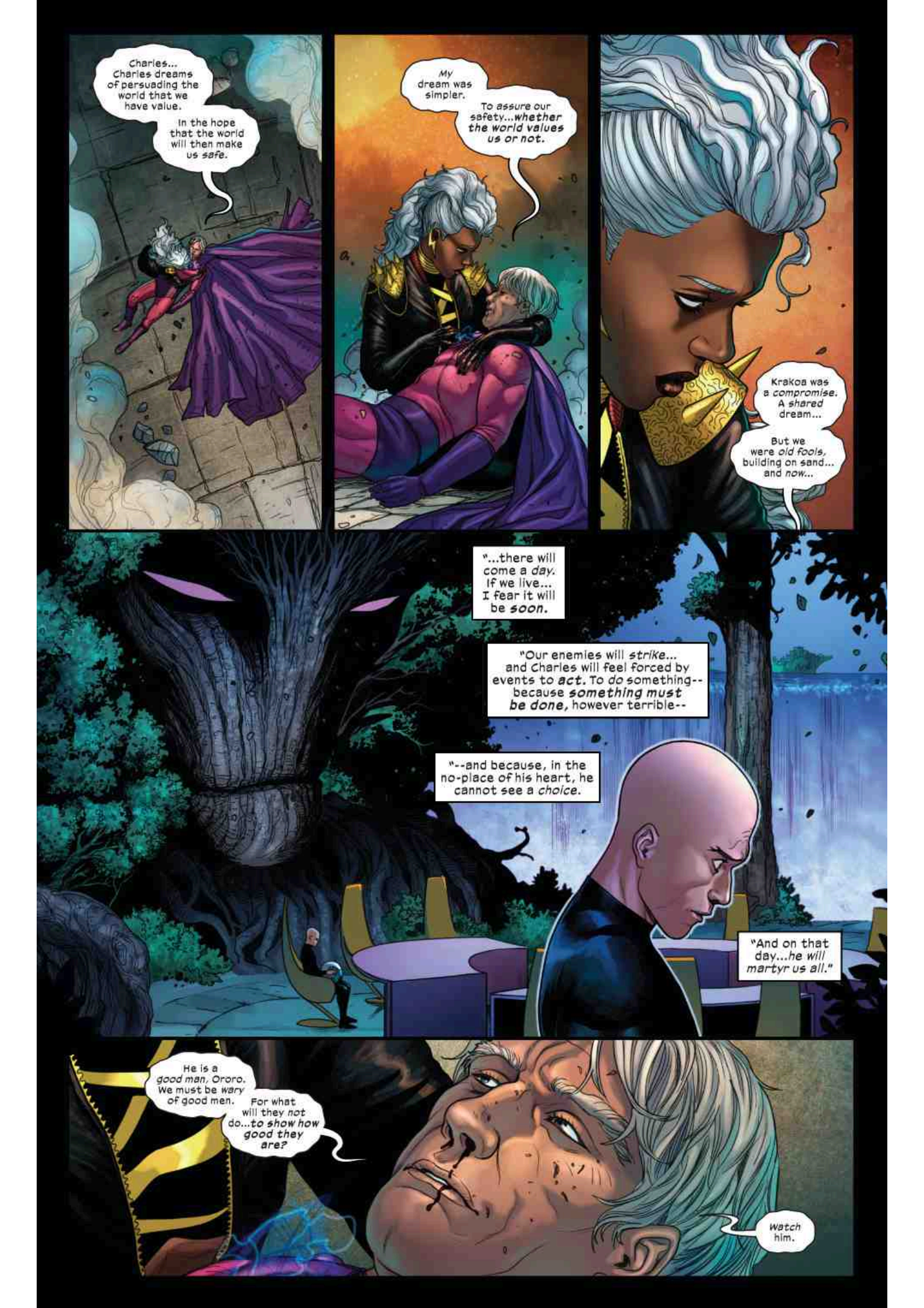
Building on his knowledge of sports, Mike also helped weave together Marvel's fandom with sports fans through Marvel-themed game days, Marvel giveaways at sports events, and other Marvel activations across the country with Major League and Minor League sports teams that continue to this day.

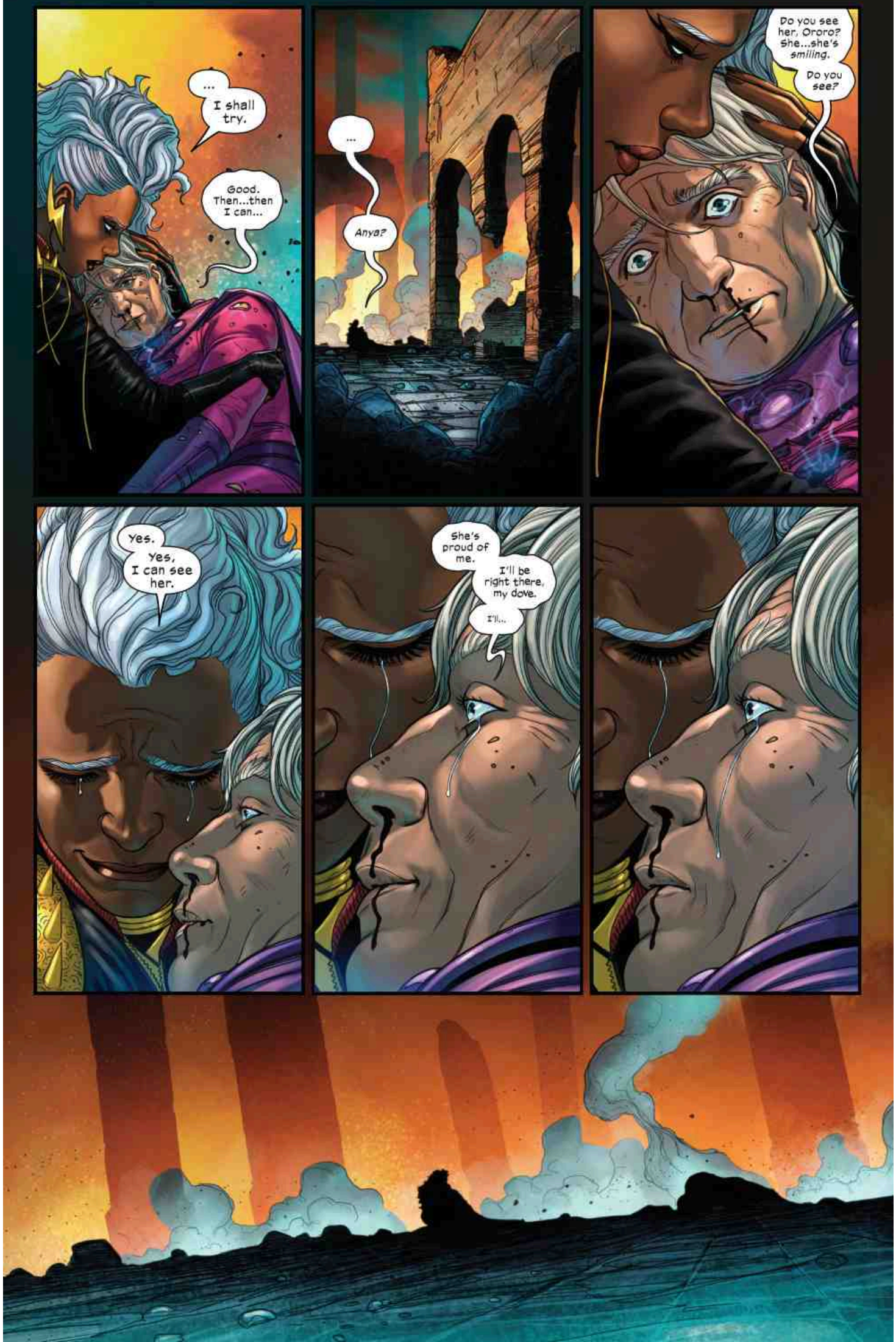
Mike was beloved at Marvel, and he will be remembered for his kindness, creativity, optimism, and humor. His memory will always be with us, and he will live on forever within the Marvel family and beyond. ■

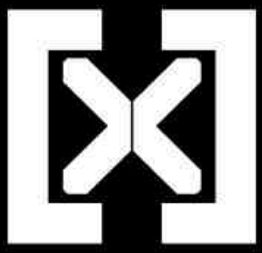

IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH.
URANOS FALLS.
...
"You have new gods now."

Very funny. Don't try to talk--
I always knew who I was speaking to, Ororo. Those who would never be so gauche as to say it themselves--even as they pull our wings off for sport.
I needed them to know... that godhood was no longer an exclusive club...
And look at me now. A full member--dying for the world that hates and fears us.
Bitter irony on--kaff--on so many levels...
I said "don't talk," not "give a soliloquy."
I can still keep you alive--if you just--
Even you can only hold back death for so long.
Some things are out of our hands.
Resurrection. Even with no backup, you can return--
With no backup, it's my decision. You wouldn't break your word either.
And we'll need Arakko with us...for what's to come...
You honestly think what we need right now is a martyr?
No.
That's why you have to promise me, Ororo.
Promise me you'll watch Charles.

What...?
Three began Krakoa. Moira betrayed us. I...deserted my post.
Now Charles is alone. With his dream...
Humans and mutants standing together.
There are worse dreams...
There are. I've come to understand that.
To understand that nothing less will save us.
We must stand together.
We must fight together--all of society's so-called undesirables, human or mutant--
--or our enemies will destroy us simply for daring to exist.
Because they never stopped, Ororo.
They have never stopped.


Charles... Charles dreams of persuading the world that we have value.
In the hope that the world will then make us *safe*.
My dream was simpler.
To assure our safety...*whether the world values us or not.*
Krakoa was a *compromise*. A *shared* dream...
But we were *old fools*, building on sand... and *now*...
"...there will come a *day*. If we live... I fear it will be ***soon***.
"Our enemies will *strike*... and Charles will feel forced by events to ***act***. To *do* something-- because ***something must be done***, however terrible--
"--and because, in the no-place of his heart, he cannot see a *choice*.
"And on that day...*he will martyr us all.*"
He is a *good man*, Ororo. We must be *wary* of good men.
For what will they *not* do...***to show how good they are?***
Watch him.


...
I shall try.
Good. Then...then I can...
...
Anya?
Do you see her, Ororo? She...she's smiling.
Do you see?
Yes.
Yes, I can see her.
She's proud of me.
I'll be right there, my dove.
I'll...



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You cannot wish us away. You cannot ignore us.

We are your children.

-- MAGNETO

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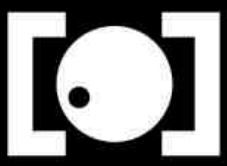

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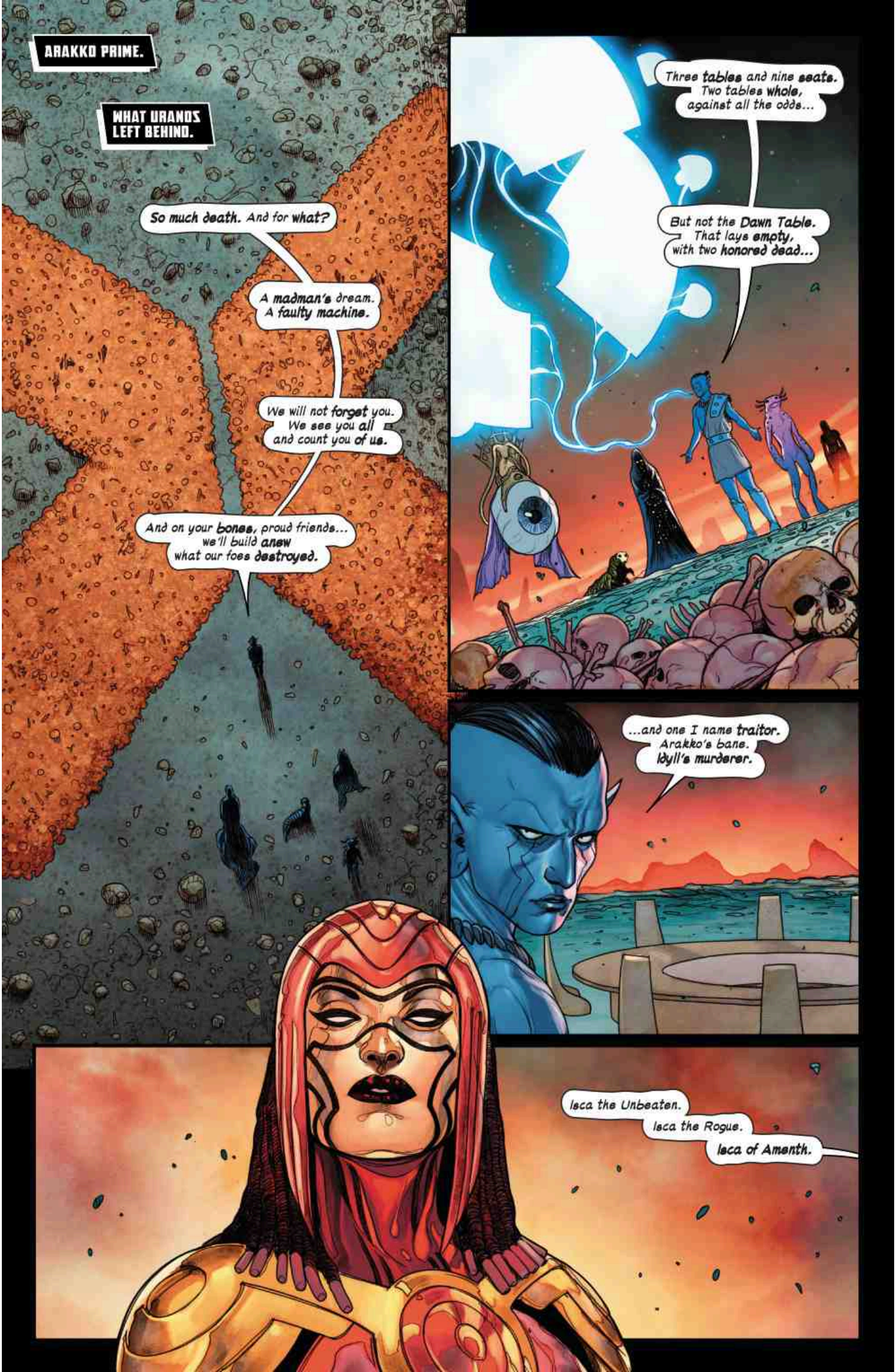
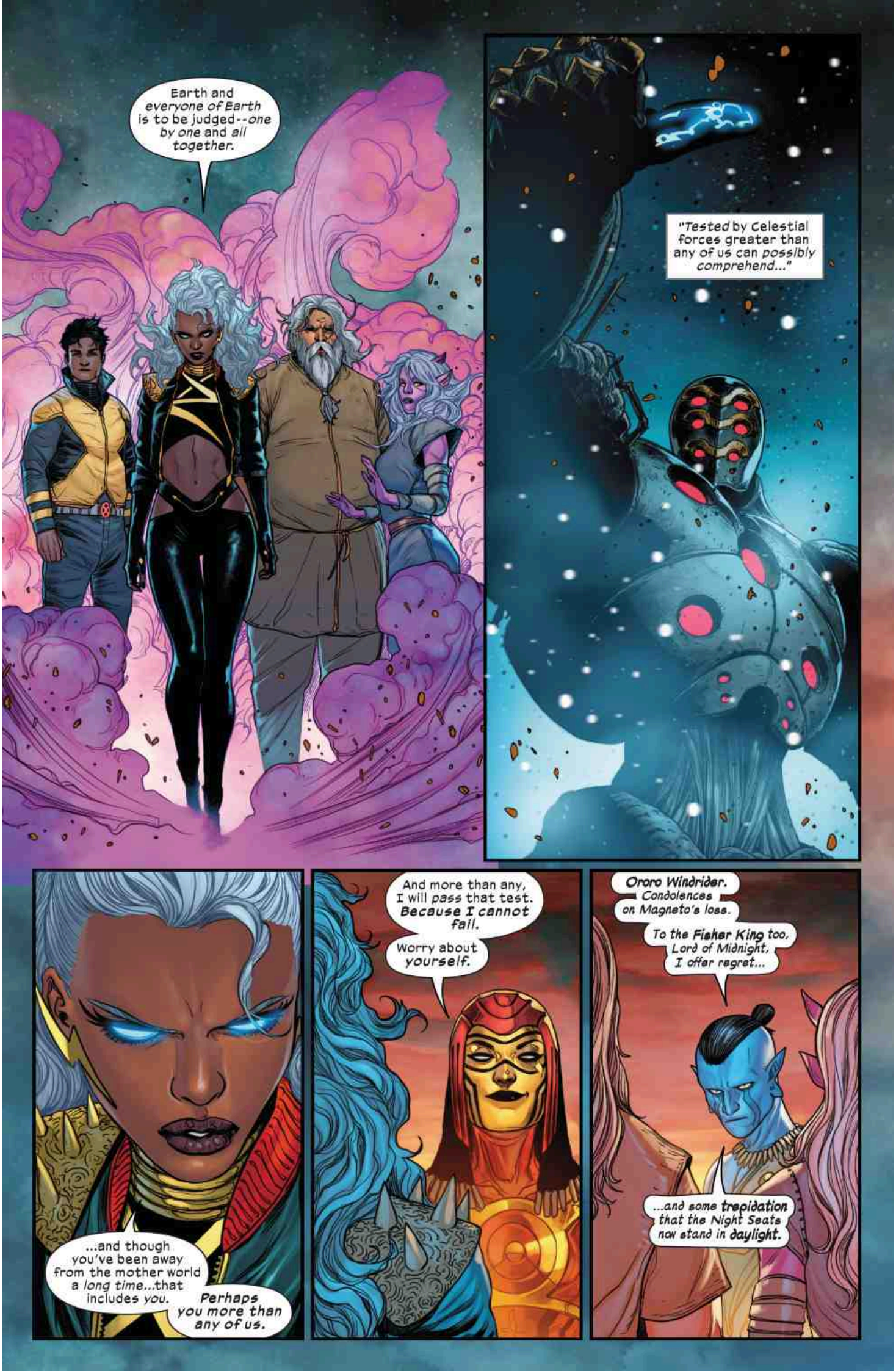
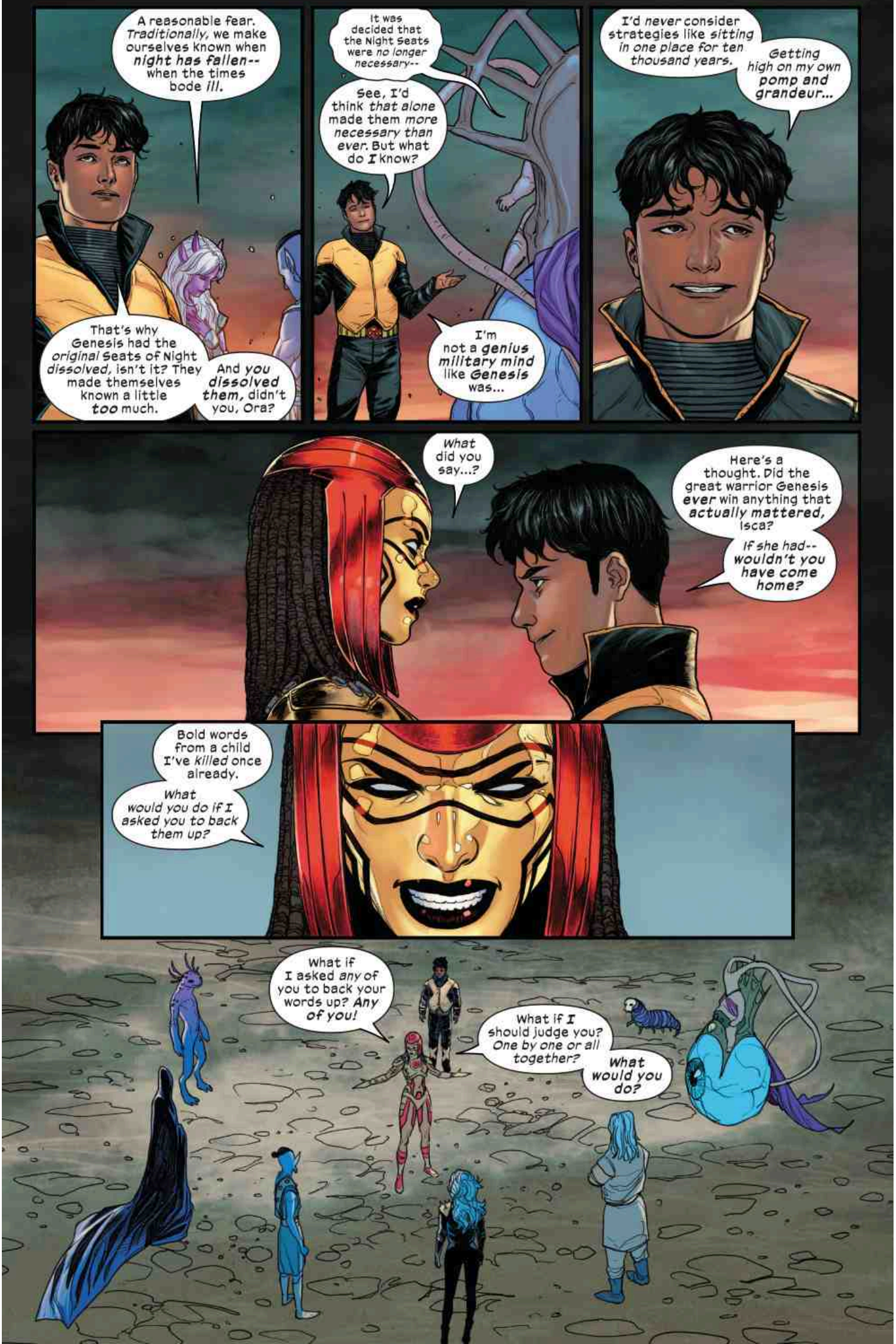

ARAKKO PRIME.
WHAT URANOS LEFT BEHIND.
So much death. And for what?
A madman's dream. A faulty machine.
We will not forget you. We see you all and count you of us.
And on your bones, proud friends... we'll build anew what our foes destroyed.
Three tables and nine seats. Two tables whole, against all the odds...
But not the Dawn Table. That lays empty, with two honored dead...
...and one I name traitor. Arakko's bane. Kyll's murderer.
Isca the Unbeaten.
Isca the Rogue.
Isca of Amenth.

Have a care, Lodus Logos.
Your next little haiku may be your last--
You threaten me with death? Foolish, Isca.
Art lives forever.
However, there is no true precedent for this situation.
To have one of the Great Ring kill another--outside the Circle, in a time of war... even Tarn never dared take that step.
It is unheard of--in my time, at least.
Xilo...?
I... cannot szzay. The memorieszz are loszzt...
So the Seat of Law knows no law and the Seat of History knows no history.
And you presume to judge me...?
We are all being judged, Isca.


Earth and everyone of Earth is to be judged--one by one and all together.
"Tested by Celestial forces greater than any of us can possibly comprehend..."
...and though you've been away from the mother world a long time...that includes you.
Perhaps you more than any of us.
And more than any, I will pass that test. Because I cannot fail.
Worry about yourself.
Ororo Windrider. Condolences on Magneto's loss.
To the Fisher King too, Lord of Midnight, I offer regret...
...and some trepidation that the Night Seats now stand in daylight.


A reasonable fear. Traditionally, we make ourselves known when night has fallen-- when the times bode ill.
That's why Genesis had the original Seats of Night dissolved, isn't it? They made themselves known a little too much.
And you dissolved them, didn't you, Ora?
It was decided that the Night Seats were no longer necessary--
See, I'd think that alone made them more necessary than ever. But what do I know?
I'm not a genius military mind like Genesis was...
I'd never consider strategies like sitting in one place for ten thousand years.
Getting high on my own pomp and grandeur...
What did you say...?
Here's a thought. Did the great warrior Genesis ever win anything that actually mattered, Isca?
If she had-- wouldn't you have come home?
Bold words from a child I've killed once already.
What would you do if I asked you to back them up?
What if I asked any of you to back your words up? Any of you!
What if I should judge you? One by one or all together?
What would you do?

"Most of you have faced me in battle at least *once*. Some of you for *training*--and *some for real*.
"And how did that *end* for you?
"You *lost*.
"All of you lost--"
--because *I never can!*
You only draw breath *now* because I was *merciful!* You hold court because I *abstain* from it!
If I decide, in the face of your *hubris*, that the *entire Great Ring* is mine--that this entire planet is mine to control--**what would you do?**
Knowing you would lose? Knowing you ***already*** *lost to me?*
WHAT WOULD ANY OF YOU--
KRA-KROOO-MM
Knowing we would lose...

...we'd fight you anyway.
...
To the death...?
There are things in this life more important than simply living.
Isca who-speaks-of-us, who-speaks-for-us, who-speaks-over-us.
Isca who-does-not-know-us.
Arakkii are not afraid, Isca.
We are not afraid of a life that ends...
But it won't come to that.
There'll be no battle today between Isca and the Great Ring...

...because that's what the Night Seats are for.
You. I remember you.
A little rat, scurrying through the prisons. A fly we never managed to swat.
But better late than never...
Aye. I was thinking the same.
I challenge you to a contest of understanding, Isca.
And the winner...
...is the one who most truly understands the meaning of loss.

Pathetic little fisherman, Isca thought. Standing there with weight on his belly and gray hairs on his head after only sixty years, speaking to one who has lived ten thousand and more -- and never lost a fight in her life. And what had this fisherman ever lost? His freedom? His love? His family?

Ten thousand years and more...

Isca's thoughts turned, unbidden, to her childhood. Laughing, splashing in the surf off Okkara with her sister. Running games on the sand. Who could swim fastest, skim a stone farthest? Little Isca always lagged behind, but she laughed with the others. When she began to win, it was a novelty at first.

But she could never lose.

The games ended soon after. But life was good. Her sister married a blue-lipped boy who hung on every word of her philosophy. Children were born, and swords were forged in ceremony, for their old use was long done with.

Then the demons came, and one island became two -- the number of the fall. Of the self and the shadow self. And Isca won every battle -- carving her personal swath through the demon army.

She could never lose.

Her efforts brought Annihilation to the gate with whispered words for her sister, that appealed to Genesis' ideals -- her dark dreams of what Arakko could be. Temptations that were heeded.

She remembered feeling the shift inside her -- when there could be no winning -- and it had felt like nothing at all. It was not she that had changed but the world around her, the perspective flipping so completely that there was simply no choice to be made. No choice at all.

She could never lose.

So she left her home behind and walked into Amenth, to the demon lands, to join the First Summoners and fight for their cause. And she took one, bone-white and lean -- a genomic mage with a quick, cruel wit and the devil in his eyes -- to be her lover. Together, they were conquerors and prison lords, bending the proudest to their will, and the calls of "traitor" and "oathbreaker" were as easily borne as summer rain on her skin. Until the world shifted again. Until she turned again.

For she could never lose.

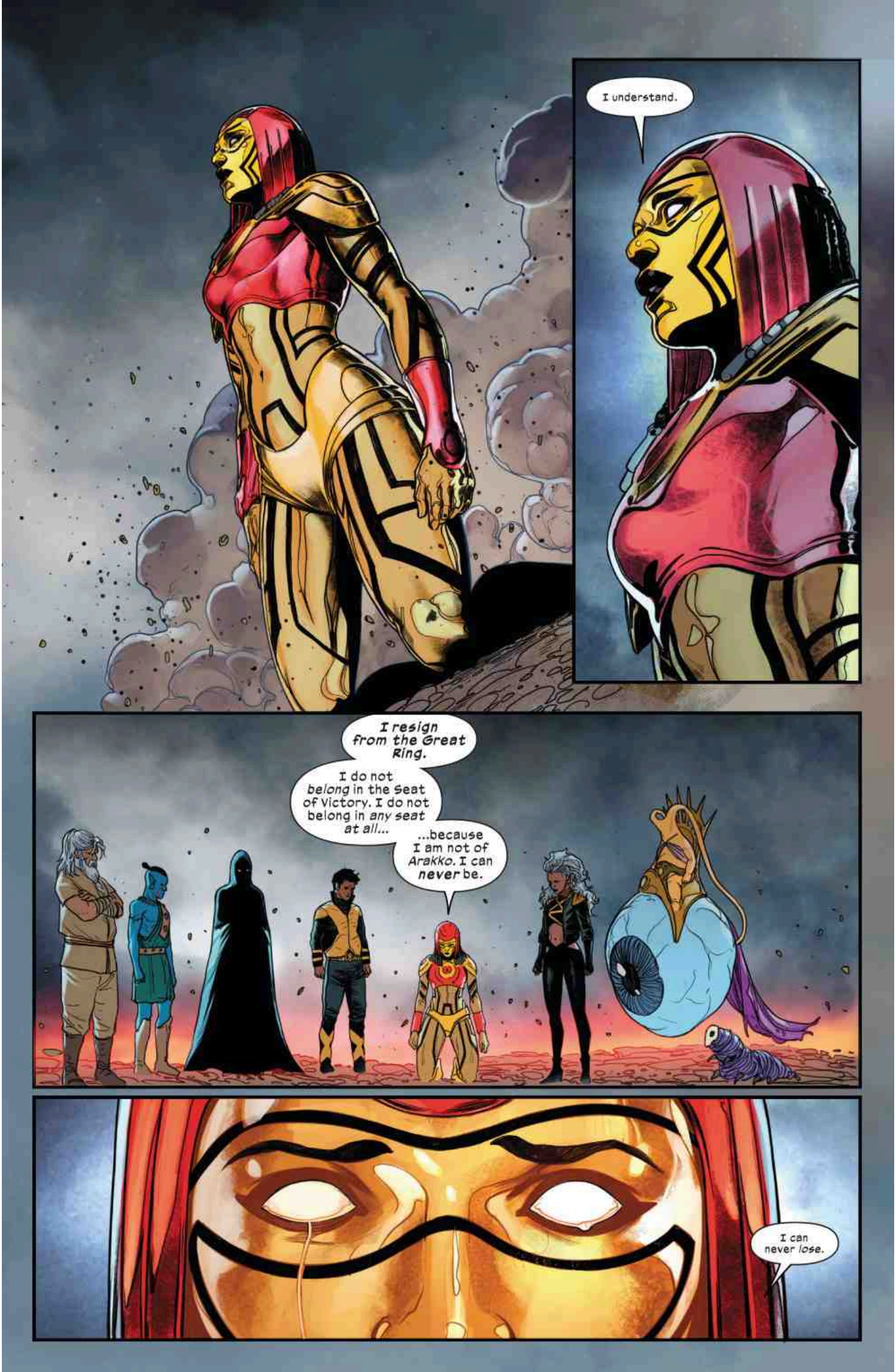
And -- after the great victory she joined so late -- her people despised her, and her family was lost to her, and all her love's wit and cruelty was spilled onto the dirt with his brains, while she watched. And that too was in some way because she could not lose -- for there was cruel wit to be found on Krakoa as well.

And then the world had shifted again, and shifted back, and she had never had a choice. So there was no freedom for her either, even now. How could there be?

How could she understand loss?

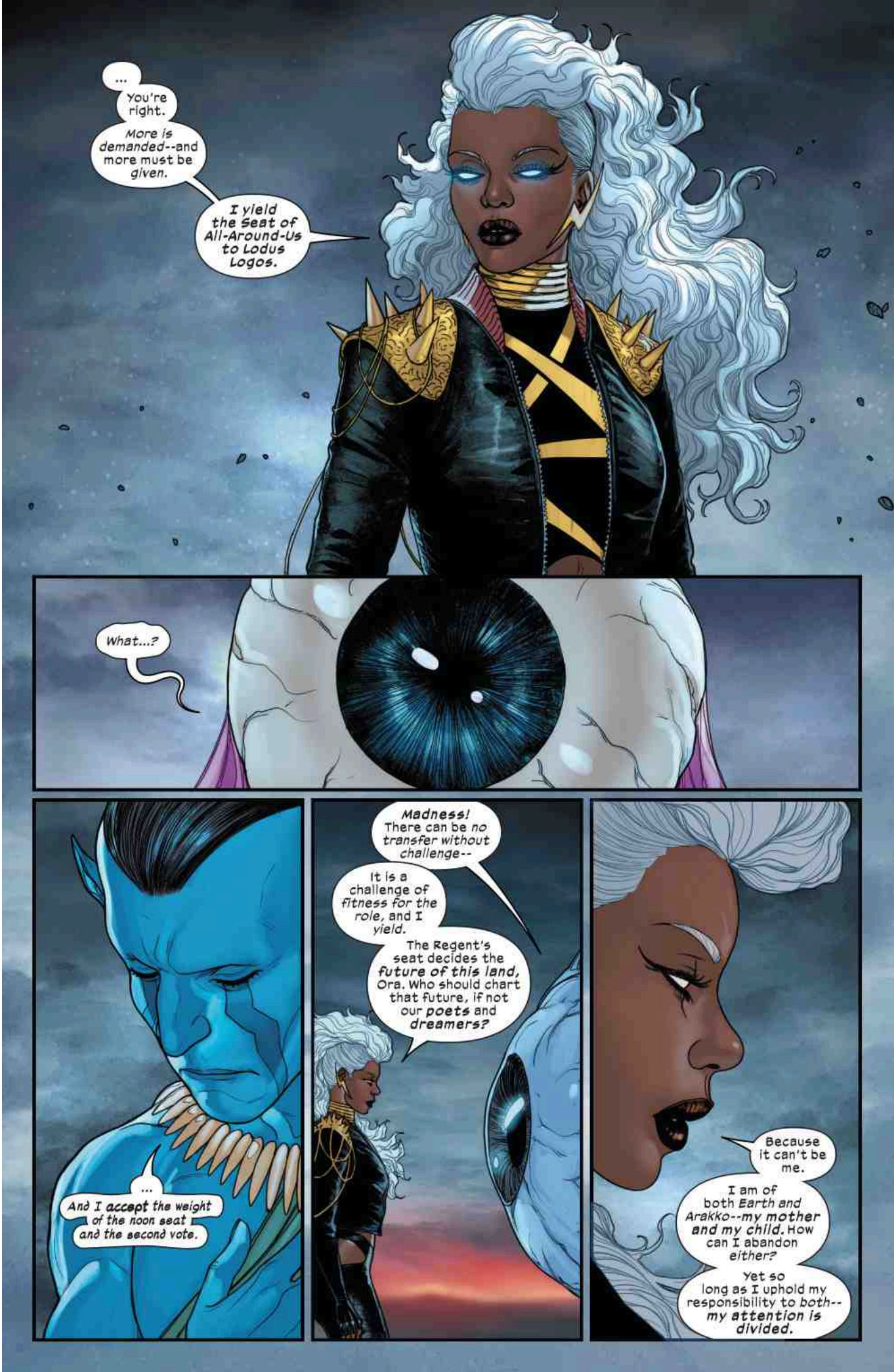
Isca remembered a laughing girl running along a beach. She fell to her knees.

One second had passed.


I understand.
I resign from the Great Ring.
I do not belong in the seat of Victory. I do not belong in any seat at all...
...because I am not of Arakko. I can never be.
I can never lose.

Even now.
Isca...
Don't.
Don't talk to me.
And don't follow where I'm going. Any of you.
I may kill you all yet.

So now the Great Ring is six, where once were nine--for I'll not disband the Night Seats twice, even to shore up our numbers...
Aye. Nor would we of Night attempt again to sway the daylight.
Seconded. I do my best work in the shadows.
And yet, to have no Table of the Dawn--in a time of war against a god--is unacceptable.
There is no precedent for this...and with our history sundered, we cannot look to the past...
Look to the future, then.
Not to what was but to what can be...
Ever the optimist, Lodus.
You'd rule us all with your dreams--
YES!
New worlds need new dreams! New ways of life that are more than war!
Would we be like our foes? Eternal and eternally caged?
So shackled to the ways of older days that we cannot change?
We stand upon our dead!
And they demand MORE from their Great Ring!


...
You're right.
More is demanded--and more must be given.
I yield the Seat of All-Around-Us to Lodus Logos.
What...?
...
And I accept the weight of the noon seat and the second vote.
Madness! There can be no transfer without challenge--
It is a challenge of fitness for the role, and I yield.
The Regent's seat decides the future of this land, Ora. Who should chart that future, if not our poets and dreamers?
Because it can't be me.
I am of both Earth and Arakko--my mother and my child. How can I abandon either?
Yet so long as I uphold my responsibility to both--my attention is divided.

So you *too* are leaving the Great Ring...?
I never said that.
There'll be no shortage of applicants to the Table Dawn if there's a *tomorrow.*
But as Ora says--***someone has to sit here today.***
This seat belonged to my brother mutant. My implacable enemy. My trusted ally.
I held him in my arms as he died. I wonder if I knew him at all.
Tomorrow--*if we know victory*--perhaps I'll take *another* place in the dawn.
Today, there's only one that fits.
In Magneto's name...
...Ororo of the Storm claims the Seat of Loss.

[00_mutants_of_X]
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X-MEN RED

TO WAR WE GO

The Eternals were created by the alien space gods known as the Celestials to protect the Earth and correct excess deviation -- a directive that has led them to launch an all-out assault against all mutantkind following the revelation of mutant resurrection.

Uranos attacked Arakko and within minutes, he and his forces dealt a serious blow to the Arakkii and their leading council, the Great Ring. Magneto and Storm fought valiantly and proved why they held the status of Omega-level mutants, defeating Uranos -- but at a serious cost.

And the war isn't over yet.

The events of this issue occur after A.X.E.: JUDGMENT DAY #5

[STORM]

[MAGNETO]

[FISHER KING]

[SOBUNAR OF THE DEPTHS]

[LACTUCA OF THE STARS]

[LODUS LOGOS]

[CABLE]

[ISCA THE UNBEATEN]

[XILO]

"The Winning Side"

07

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X-MEN created by **Stan Lee & Jack Kirby**

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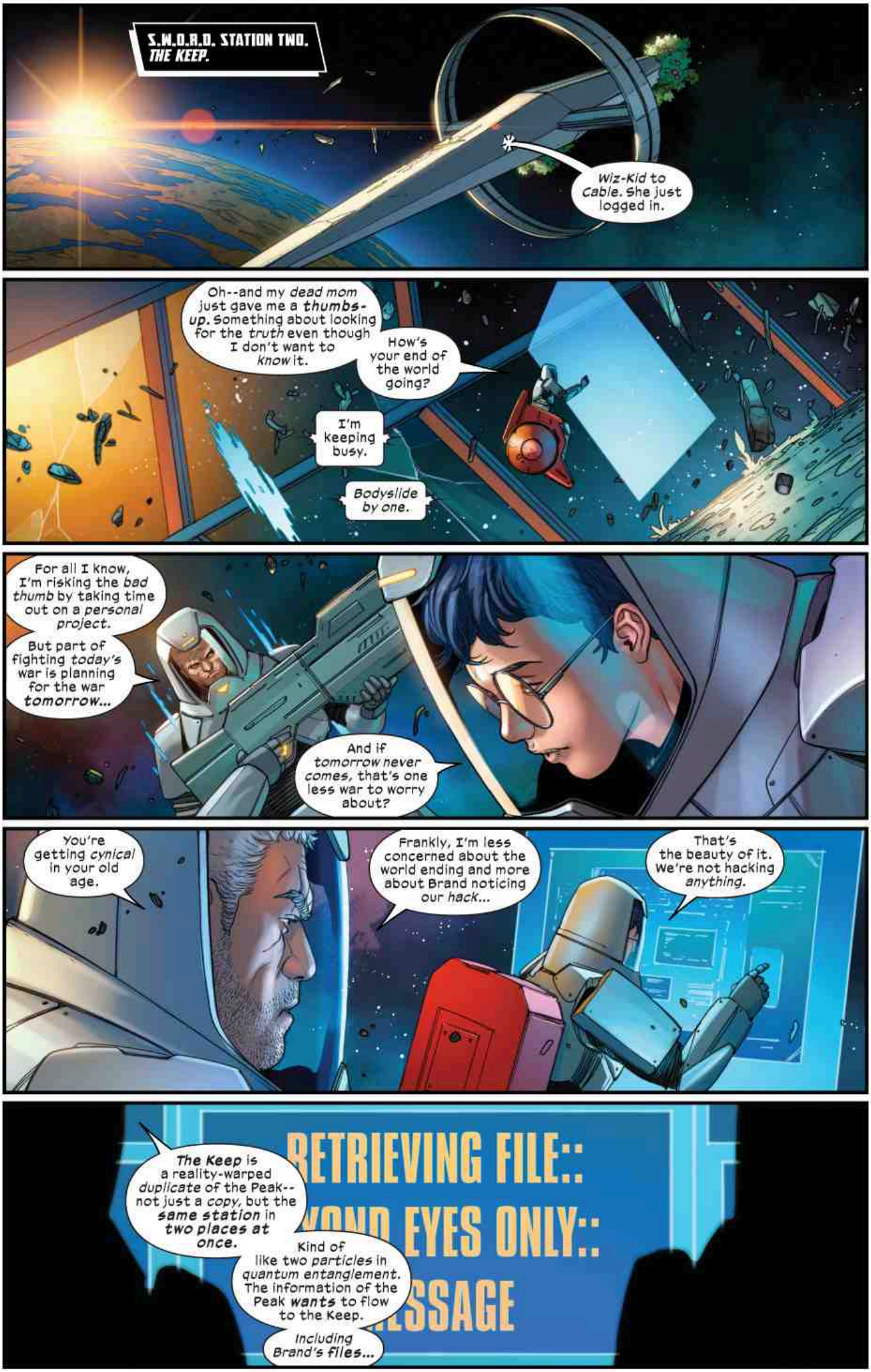
S.W.O.R.D. STATION TWO.
THE KEEP.
Wiz-Kid to Cable. She just logged in.
Oh--and my dead mom just gave me a thumbs-up. Something about looking for the truth even though I don't want to know it.
How's your end of the world going?
I'm keeping busy.
Bodyslide by one.
For all I know, I'm risking the bad thumb by taking time out on a personal project.
But part of fighting today's war is planning for the war tomorrow...
And if tomorrow never comes, that's one less war to worry about?
You're getting cynical in your old age.
Frankly, I'm less concerned about the world ending and more about Brand noticing our hack...
That's the beauty of it. We're not hacking anything.
RETRIEVING FILE::
EYES ONLY::
SSAGE
The Keep is a reality-warped duplicate of the Peak--not just a copy, but the same station in two places at once.
Kind of like two particles in quantum entanglement. The information of the Peak wants to flow to the Keep.
Including Brand's files...

"She was *just resurrected,* and her last backup was ***six days ago.*** Whether that backup included all her *secrets,* I don't know--either way, she won't want to make any moves ***twice.***
"So she'll have left *notes* for herself--what she ***did*** in those six days, what she ***didn't.***"
And thanks to your *quantum entanglement,* we'll see those notes as she ***accesses*** them.
Here we go...
And then I guess we have to decide what to ***do*** about it.
Honestly? If she *did* kill Henry Gyrich? I say we take it to ***Nightcrawler*** first, rather than the *Council.*
Whatever Brand's done, she doesn't...
...deserve...
Holy crap.
Holy ***crap.*** Are you--are you *seeing* this? What she's been ***doing?***
Cable? I said, are you...

CLK-CLAK
... So that's a "yes."

NEXT

"The Truth Comes Out"

08

A.X.E. TIE-IN ISSUES:
A.X.E.: STARFOX #1
A.X.E.: X-MEN #1
X-MEN RED #7
A.X.E.: ETERNALS #1
A.X.E.: IRON FIST #1
CAPTAIN MARVEL #42
FANTASTIC FOUR #48
IMMORTAL X-MEN #7
LEGION OF X #6
WOLVERINE #25
X-FORCE #32
A.X.E.: JUDGMENT DAY #6
X-FORCE #33

ZONE